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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE SURVIVOR

When the last day is ended,
And the nights are through,
When the last sun is buried
In its grave of blue;

When the stars are snuffed like candles,
And the seas no longer fret;
When the winds unlearn their cunning,
And the storms forget;

When the last lip is palsied,
And the last prayer said;
Love shall reign immortal
While the worlds lie dead!

—*Frederic Laurence Knowles*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1913. NUMBER 18.

For morning sun and evening dew,
For every bud that April knew,
For storm and silence, gloom and light,
And for the solemn stars at night;
For fallow field and burdened byre,
For rooftree and the hearthside fire;
For everything that shines and sings,
For dear, familiar daily things—
The friendly trees, and in the sky
The white cloud-squadrons sailing by;
For hope that waits, for faith that dares,
For patience that still smiles and bears,
For love that fails not, nor withstands;
For healing touch of children's hands,
For happy labor, high intent,
For all life's blessed sacrament,
O Comrade of our nights and days,
Thou givest all things, take our praise!

—*Arthur Ketchum.*

The Editor of UNITY is to spend his annual March "Escape" from Chicago, this year, in Texas, and on the way to and from, and will be glad to fill engagements to lecture before clubs, schools, churches, lyceums or other organizations. Dates can be made between February 16 and March 21. Applications should be sent to UNITY office.

Our next issue, January 9th, will contain the Annual Review Sermon of the Editor and such estimates of the notable books of the year as may be gathered from our editorial staff and readers. What, to you, are the six or less most notable books issued during 1912? An answer to this question is solicited. Give full play to the personal system. Please send postcard answer by return mail.

Memorials to Abraham Lincoln are multiplying, but no achievement of artist in bronze, marble, or on canvas, can adequately commerorate the simple, loving Commoner. Nothing could be more fitting or beautiful in conception, or more desirable in realization, than Lincoln Hall, which is to be dedicated on the Campus of the State University of Illinois, on the one hundred and fourth anniversary of his birth, February 12th, 1913. The walls are to be decorated with fitting memorial panels, tablets, inscriptions, etc. But the crowning glory of the building will lie in the fact that it is to be devoted to the study of the humanities, those things that relate to the well being of man and the development of the spirit.

The Methodist and Congregational Churches of Park Ridge, a suburb of Chicago, have set a commendable example to many others by formally joining hands, fusing their interests and merging their responsibilities. A formal service last Sunday witnessed the transfiguration. It is distinctly stated that this was not the desperation of weak and dying churches. Both societies are declared strong, and in their strength they decided to waive the individualities and idiosyncrasies of their creeds. Henceforth it will be the United Church of Park Ridge. This fusion was sanctioned and encouraged by the official representatives of both the Methodist and Congregational fellowship. Bishop McDowell of the Methodist Church, Dr. Ozora S. Davis of the Congregational Theological Seminary, and the Rev. W. E. Barton of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park, Illinois, were among those who aided in the fusion and helped solemnize the high event. Let others "Go and do likewise."

On the 1st of January, 1913, occurs the Jubilee of the greatest event in the history of this country after the Declaration of Independence, namely, the abolition forever of chattel slavery from the United States; a belated achievement of democarcy. The Proclamation that went into effect on January 1, 1863, will forever occupy a place alongside of the Declaration of Independence, among the great human documents, preserved in the archives of civilization. And he who affixed his signature to that document placed himself, thereby, alongside of Thomas Jefferson, one of the purest and highest and most effective democrats the world has known.

It is fitting that this Jubilee should be celebrated with song, worship, and oratory throughout the borders of the United States and wherever the lovers of freedom can be assembled. In Chicago arrangement has been made for a special celebration of this anniversary at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, on Sunday evening, January 5th, at which Edwin Markham of New York, will give a short address and read a revised edition of his poem to Lincoln. Among the other speakers will be Louis Brandeis of Boston, Hamlin Garland, F. W. Gunsaulus and S. Lang Williams of Chicago. The meeting will be presided over by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. There will be read the Boston Hymn which Ralph Waldo Emerson, himself, read at the Boston Ratification Meeting held January 1, 1863, as will also the Emancipation Proclamation itself. Colored Jubilee Singers will take part in the program. All seats will be free and everybody will be welcome.

Another Parliament of Religions

We print in another column an editorial from the pen of the Rev. Clarence Reed, which appeared in the *Pacific Unitarian* for December, concerning a Congress of Religion for 1915. The opposition to such a congress in connection with the Panama Pacific Exposition will be subtile and intense. The more or less vulgar love of spectacular display, the greedy ascendency of "business" interests, the clamor for more money to display more things, will be reinforced by the well developed distrust of timid ecclesiastics, the opposition of those who feel that the open fellowship and the cordial greeting to all forms of faith, implied in a Parliament of Religion, will somehow menace the interests of Christianity, and help break down its claim as a peculiar, unique, and only true religion. A prominent representative of a great religious denomination, an active worker in the interests of religion, residing in San Francisco, declared to the writer two or three years ago, that the "Christian people" of San Francisco did not want any Parliament of Religion in their exposition, justifying his attitude on the score, that the Christian church "had not yet recovered from the fell blow it had received from the Parliament of Religion held in Chicago in 1893." The reasoning of this good brother is the very best argument for another great clearing-house gathering of the devout seekers after God, of the most earnest advocates of the moral law, and of the purest representatives of love and brotherhood, from all sections of the globe. The Panama Canal will find but a sordid interpretation, and on that account, inadequate interpretation, if the exposition stops with the display of things, and the kaleidoscopic show of the perishable nations.

Shame on an Exposition held anywhere in the world in the twentieth century of the Christian era, that will on an Exposition held anywhere in the world in the twentieth century of the Christian era, that will leave out of consideration these verities, and fail to invite the representatives of the religions of the world to a prophetic conclave. The glory of the Grand Court at Jackson Park, Chicago, in 1893, is gone, the beautiful architectural dream is fading even out of the minds of those who saw it, but the inspirations of the Parliament of Religion still encircle the globe with electric thrills, breaking ever into light. Clearly, now, it is seen that the Columbian Exposition reached its climax and transfiguration in the Parliament of Religion that extended a world's communion service over seventeen precious, inspiring, loving days. Chicago in 1893, did well. Let San Francisco in 1915, do better. To do less than this would be to do so badly as to bring shame and the reproach of their descendants upon the promoters.

1912

Spite of all the discords, jealousies, and murders, by individuals and by nations; spite of the wicked waste of standing armies and costly battleships; spite of the awful debauchery of the wealthy as emphasized in the extravagance of living and the costly indulgences of idleness; spite of the poverty, the hunger, and the cruel overworking of children and women, any scholarly review of the year will establish the unquestioned fact that this old world of ours is wheeling towards the light. Nations are becoming sick of war, individuals are ashamed of their millions, churches are ashamed of their narrowness, and the leaders of the denominations are trying to evade the dogmatism of their creeds and the exclusiveness of their organizations.

The breaking of China, out of five thousand years of imperial history into democracy, is an event of no mean significance; the coming of Abdul-Baha, the Universalist of the East, the Unitarian of Mohammedanism; the fusion of the orthodox churches in Canada, and the attempted federation of the same in the United States, all indicate a mighty trend towards unity. The great European thinkers who made the most notable impression on thought during the year, have been Euchen and Bergsen, and their thinking is potent because they interpret life in terms of progress. They see spirit asserting itself in, and through, matter, and feel the creative throb in the life of today.

The breaking up of the old political parties in the United States indicates that this country is still on the advance line. Let the nation keep moving! Chicago's prestige as the commercial center of the Mississippi Valley gives it but a passing fame, and small claim to the love and the respect of the world. But Chicago leading the way out of bigotry into liberality, out of religious contention and discord into religious co-operation, out of the prejudice of races, the hopelessness of poverty and the selfishness of wealth, is the "City of Light," the candle of progress put not under a bushel but set in the candlestick of a great opportunity which is always a great responsibility.

PERSIA MORITURA

Home of the free! Protector of the weak!
  Shall we and this Great Gray Ally make sand
Of all a nation's budding green, and wreak
  Our winter will on that unhappy land?
Is all our steel of soul dissolved and flown?
  Have powers of fear encased our heart of flame?
Are we with panic so deep-rotted down
  In self, that we can feel no longer shame
To league, and steal a nation's hope of youth?
  Oh! Sirs! is our star merely cynical?
Is God reduced? That we must darken truth,
  And break our honor with this creeping fall.

—*John Galsworthy.*

THE PULPIT

PSYCHICAL EVOLUTION

From Brawn to Brain

A Sermon Preached by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
December 8, 1912
Being the Second Sermon in the Course on
"Life on the Road, or, Whitherbound"

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer

May we strive ever for the success of love, Father. May we grope through our ignorance towards knowledge, through our weakness towards strength, through bitterness to love, through failure to trust. Father, help us to realize the solemnities in which we are cast. Help us to fear the pitfalls over, beneath, before and behind us. Grant that we may indeed feel thy creative impulse, the lure of thy creative love, the strength and power that thou dost pour into the lives of those who think thy thoughts after thee and grope through darkness into the light, through distrust and weakness into trust and strength ever more. Amen.

Sermon

Life on the Road, or, Witherbound? is the theme of the five discourses advertised. Last Sunday we considered this journey from the Worm to the Biped. We discovered the slow, costly but sure elaboration of a wonderful machine with the complex parts which characterize a mechanism. The fine parts are specialized for peculiar functions and co-ordinated with other parts in such a way that a great unified organism has been produced. We followed the development of the body along lines that steadily eliminated the superfluous; refined, elevated and made more efficient a machine, to deny which, is infidelity; to insult which, is treason to the law of life. The sanctity of this organism is witnessed to and verified, by the painful story of evolution that reaches from the first appearance of cell life in the deep sea on and up to the most dexterous achievement of the human athlete. Let us start this morning where I left off last week, with a sense of the supreme sanctity, the magic triumph of the body, which has arisen from the crawling worm to the efficient biped, with the fore-arms released and equipped with the hands, the most marvellous mechanism known in nature or in art. The story was incompletely told, however, today we are to take another step, and consider the parallel evolution of life all the way up the biological tree from Brawn to Brain. John Fiske talks about "critical periods" in the story of our Republic. That was a critical period in the march of life when the outside shell, the clumsy armament on the exterior, was replaced slowly but surely by an inside bony tunnel in which was laid the spinal marrow, the nerve track over which is communicated to the remotest points the most delicate messages ever transmitted. The sensitive nerve connections of eye, ear, and nose, are in communion with the central track in the spinal column. In this development came the enlargement of the last vertebra, until it became the "golden bowl" holding the guiding power, the brain, which is the central seat of thought and feeling, the switchboard of intelligence, the home of the mind, the organ of the soul. Now this transition from Brawn to Brain represents not only the development, of the machine, which I considered last week, but the engineer, who is to run the machine. We have not only the mechanism considered last week, but here we have the delicate mind,—the commanding executive of life, the instrument of wit. In so far as this is developed, size becomes a secondary matter and dexterity, not bulk, determines the leading. Wit leads the advance column of life in this world of ours. This dexterous engineer, this conscious executive is at work and is witnessed to all the way down the biological tree, long, long before man appeared on earth. The spider's web, the fox's cunning, the squirrel's thrift, the bird's migration following the seasons and keeping ever in touch with fruit and blossom,—all these represent the development of something necessary and yet superior to, brawn.

One of the exciting diversions of the children up at Tower Hill is to watch the proceedings of the lion ant, who skilfully lays his trap, conceals himself ready for action, lures thereto the flies or bugs that he needs and then proceeds to slay them and to deposit them in the chamber already prepared in which to bury them for future use.

But I cannot stop to illustrate this wonderful development of the brain, on the way up the ladder of life from its lowest to its highest.

So let us consider it in relation to the biped, the glory of which we considered last week. Man, physically speaking, has bought his dexterity, celerity, and mechanical efficiency, at a terrible cost. His fingers have been developed at the cost of the paw and the claw that were such necessary elements in the life of his progenitors on the tree of life. He has lost the warm fur coat, has lost the well shod hoof, has lost the thick skin, has lost the instrumentalities of defense, —the fangs and the horns, and has become the most helpless of animals, physically speaking. He would fall an easy victim not only to the beast of prey, beneath him, but to the inhospitable forces of nature around him, but for the power of wit by which he has made himself the most universal of animals. He who was the most defenseless creature on the tree of life has adapted himself and sustains his life from the icy fields of Greenland to the torrid climate of the equator. No climate has been so cold or so hot, no territory has been so dry or so wet, no mountain crags so high, no valleys so deep, but man has been able to travel there, and in most cases, when need be, to abide there. The climate that would freeze him is resisted with a house, a house that he cannot carry on his back as does the snail. He has woven for himself garments. He has utilized the robes of the bear and so can live in the Polar bears' country. All the way up and down the line we find man able to live on the earth because of the development of his wit. He learned to build and control fire,—his first conquest, then he made friends with his foes and domesticated the dog and the cat, the horse and the cow, and thereby triumphed over the physical forces and the physical dangers of life, by virtue of his wit. Now wit is related somehow to the central dynamo of the body.

O! it is a charming story, this triumph of mind over matter, this conquest of an inhospitable world! And the time is prophesied, by man's triumph already

gained, when he will dominate the earth world of life. All animals and all plants that will not submit, and finally contribute, to the progress of wit, have got to go. This world is for the dominant mind, man has been prepared for his mastery by the slow evolution of his wonderful organism of thought, the citadel of which is the brain, from which the main lines carry the electric messages to and from the extremities through the spinal column.

This is, curiously, as true a fact sociologically as it is biologically. Slowly but surely races and nations are realizing that brawn must give way to brain, and the directing power must be the electric line of thought and not the brutal force of cannon and sword. Slowly the nations are being transformed from the mollusca stage, in which they carry their protection on the outside, to the vertebral stage, with their directing energies on the inside. The nations who still carry their protection on the outside, who trust their lives to armaments, in the way of battleships and cannon, pikes and guns, are soon to be left behind in the struggle for life. The would-be "Powers" of the world, England, Germany, France, Russia, aye, and the United States, in so far as they rest their power in these external protections, represent turtle nations, and they will meet the fate of the turtle. They will either have to get out of the way or be content with the slow, sluggish, cowardly life of the turtle. In the long reaches of time, we see how nations, like individuals, who have carried their protection on the outside, have met the fate of those clumsy, lost species, which are found buried with their formidable armaments in the remote stratas of the earth's crust. They may have reached the prodigious size I spoke of in the last sermon,—creatures seventy feet long, rearing their foolish, little heads sixty feet in the air, and which were so defective in organization that they had to have two brains, one in the tail and the other in the head, in order to keep the machine going in any shape whatever.

Now the sociological student has no trouble in finding nations who parallel these ghastly relics of the lower life. Nations mighty in power, impressive in size, formidable to contemporary nations, that have gone down and out because they were not sufficiently organized to be protected at the centers of life with a spinal column protection. It is the smaller nations, the thinking races, that have trusted to brain and not to brawn, that have dealt in wit and not in weapons, that still hold their sway in one way or another, over the destiny of the world. Call the roll of those once flourishing nations, Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt,—and other lost and almost forgotten "Powers" of Asia. Then summon the witty nations, the nations that developed brain and not brawn, that trusted in ideas and not in armament, Little Greece and even smaller and more helpless, Palestine,—they still dominate the culture and the religion and the morality of the world. Out of that little Greece came the classic achievements that have bloomed into colleges and universities all around the world. Out of that little Palestine came the three great monotheistic faiths of the world, religions that have to a degree, kept pace with the philosophy and the science of the world. The Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan faiths have all come out of the wit, and not out of the weapons, of Palestine.

But that is another story, I cannot dwell upon it today, but I must remind you even now, that it is Athens, and not Corinth the commercial center of its times, that the tourists seek today. It is Edinburgh and not Glasgow, that we want to visit when we cross the seas from this side. Oxford and not Birmingham, attracts the student. So I might go around the world today and find that wherever thought has reared for itself social organisms, wherever wit forged to the front, wherever ideas assumed control of muscle, we have a promise and a prophecy of the time when mind will dominate the world, and man will be king indeed, as in the Genesis legend, over all created things. The time is coming when he will put all animals, either out of commission or under his commission, as he is now bringing all plants into the service of civilization, or banishing them. Emerson says. "Weeds are plants whose uses are not yet found out" and he might say what the farmer says: "All weeds must go unless they can be utilized in the service of the barn, the pantry or the field."

What a mighty story of the triumph of brain is unfolded in every agricultural report. Could I tell you the story of the bread you eat and the corn with which you feed your cow, aye, could we trace the story of timothy hay out of its crude origin in the swamps, we would have another romance of brain, another song of faith, another hymn of praise of the citadel where ideas are gathered and made dominant.

But these considerations land us on certain perplexing issues, which I propose to face this morning. Not to solve the difficulties but to recognize them. A brother said as he passed out last Sunday: "I could not help but think, when you established your kinship with the lower animals, what were you going to eat for dinner?" A sister came to our Thanksgiving dinner at Lincoln Centre, who marveled that I could rejoice in Thanksgiving with an easy heart and still eat the turkey. It is easy to push my position into a paradoxical situation. Some years ago an anonymous correspondent, incensed at my arraignment of the thoughtlessness of women in wearing birds on their hats, assailed me very skilfully by calling attention to the fact that my feet were clad in calf-skin, my necktie cost the lives of silk worms, my clothing was stolen from a sheep's back, etc., etc., etc. All this is overlooking a distinction which I believe to be fundamental and emphatic, a distinction between the law of sacrifice and the law of cruelty, between wanton waste and legitimate use, and it belongs right here where we are considering the dominion of wit. Sacrifice, aye, bleeding, bloody sacrifice, is a fundamental truth of the universe from which we cannot escape by avoiding the output of the Stockyards. Every mouthful of bread that you and I eat in any day of the year, reeks with sacrificial blood. The apple, so luscious to your taste, is luscious by virtue of organic life. The peach, the aroma of which so tempts your appetite, is the product of living organisms. The milk we drink and the butter we eat, is made to taste good by the organic life therein. If you would fain escape the conclusion by saying that this is not sentient life and has no feeling, nevertheless you and I in so far as we are intelligent, know that the road to your plenty and mine is paved with precious life sacrifice, not only of what we call lower life, but human life itself. The law of sacrifice is operative everywhere, many hundred million forms of life, suffering, struggling life, have been aborted, built into the living tis-

sues of the world before man put his foot upon the earth, and still the struggle goes on.

I ask nothing of my dog which I myself ought not to be willing to give. When the sacrifice of this good right arm of mine will contribute to a progress of thought and civilization which is thwarted by the retention of it, I ought to say "take it." A million men said in '61 to '65—"If my blood will serve the cause of freedom, and preserve this highest achievement in government better than my life, take it!" We bared our breasts to the leaden storm. A few of us returned, many, many, remained to enrich the soil with their bones. They had given their lives to save it, they had served a cause, preserved the Union and freed the slaves.

Let us try to realize in this sermon on the development of life, the sublime sacrifice which lies beyond and within every blessing, a sacrifice that knows neither poverty nor wealth. I would like to help you see that this law of sacrifice makes common cause, not with the malign forces but with the benign forces, of the Universe. It is not a devlish but a divine law, that reveals itself on the rising rounds of the ladder of life. Way up there, somewhere, bloom disinterestedness and love.

But that is another story. We will come to that before we are through this journey of life in my pulpit.

You will remember that weird though fascinating dream of the author of "The African Farm," Olive Schriner. She dreamed of a procession of life that moved steadily on until it came to a yawning chasm with a roaring stream, at the bottom. The column of living beings moved on and on and were carried away by the tide. But the stream of life kept on and on until at last the chasm was filled, and the bridge of sacrifice formed, and the procession of life passed on and up over the dead bodies of the comrades that went before.

Now it is not for me to interpret, still less to try to justify, the laws of the universe. I cannot fathom the ways of God to man but I can see that death is inevitable to all of us, soon or late, and I can see also what Prof. Shailer shows in his work on the "Domestication of Animals," how man has added immeasurably to the joy of life in the world below him. I have said before and the words spring readily to my tongue today, that I would rather be a cow in Illinois than a cow in India, though in India I would be considered divine and my life would be held sacred. Concerning me, as is now the case in India, there would be danger of excitement, insurrection and bloodshed, between the cow-killing and the anticow-killing classes. The Mohammedan forces array themselves on one side and the Hindoo element on the other. In India the cow is treated as a holy animal, but all travellers unite in testifying to the deplorable condition of the kine there. They are underfed as a result of the famine which so often strikes both man and beast in that unproductive land, and they die at last a lingering and neglected death, or are torn to pieces by the wild beasts that lie in wait for them. On the other hand, the cow in Illinois, revels in clover, knee deep, in summer time, and rests secure in her rations of ensilage in winter time. While she lives she is the pet and the favorite of the farm yard and enjoys the comforts of the barn to the highest extent, and when the dread summons comes to her, as it must come to all of us, death should be made swift and benign.

When you stop to think about it, how man has added to the sum total of the joys of life on this footstool by the domesticity of animals! Take the turkey, which my good sister was so distressed about. I know something about turkeys. I know how much bother they are and how many boys have stubbed their toes in trying to keep the foolish things well out of danger. How they will wander, unconscious of the fact that they have plenty of supplies at home and better than they can find. You know how the hunter haunts the Ozark mountains of Arkansas for the purpose of hunting a poor, wild turkey. The wild turkey's life is at best precarious, but by the forethought of the farmhouse, and the farmer boy's attention, the domestic turkey has a real good time for six months in this world, a privilege they would never have enjoyed here at all, except for the farm housewife and the farm boy. So if felicity of life is what you are after, the ecstasy of being has been immeasurably enhanced for the lower animals by the protecting arm, the fostering wisdom, the directing mind of man. Mind you, the triumph of mind is not sordid at its basis. Prof. Shailer tells us that probably the dog was first tamed for companionship and not for protection. He also tells us how great sections of life have been, and are, being fostered by man for the joy of companionship and for the multiplication of things beautiful and not for sordid purposes.

My point is that we cannot evade the law of sacrifice. We, like the order of life far beneath us, are but rounds in the ladder of life upon which the living climb, to fulfill the purposes of the Lord of life, whatever they may be.

I would like to make this emphatic so that we can better understand the other clause in my statement, that there is a difference between the law of sacrifice which is legitimate, and necessary to progress, and the law of cruelty and waste, which is a brute force to be left behind. It is ever a test of the individual, either bug or man, whether he is following the wit that conquers or is yielding to the indignities that lead to death. Mark you! both the reptile and the bird, unquestionably have the same fore-elders. There was a time when the snake had four legs. We know it because we find the reminiscences of these members under the skin now, aborted, because neglected. I told you last Sunday how the snake has eliminated one lung that it might crawl more effectively. Starting from the same reptilian fore-elders the snake has degenerated into what we now see. The bird by virtue of applying wit and struggle, has come to be the free denizen of the air.

There is in Africa, and perhaps other places where ants most thrive, a pitiable manifestation and an awful warning of degeneracy. I mean an animal that once had feet and perchance embryonic wings, well organized, which, yielding to the temptation of the indolent, to the luxurious indulgence of the wealthy, to the degeneracy that comes with over abundance, settled down to live on ants that were near at hand and very plentiful. As a result his legs are gone, his hair is gone, his eyes are gone, nothing is left but a loathsome lump of flesh with a long tube through which he sucks up the ant diet. Let those who think that happiness is based on ease and plenty take note. Degeneracy is a fixed law in the process of evolution, and misused or un-used organs bring speedy undoing. The hermit crab that neglects to grow his own house, preferring

to sneak into some other tenement already made, is poorly housed in the end.

Now I am talking today of the evolution of brain rather than brawn. I can say confidently, no one will challenge me, when I say, that brain is the citadel of thought, the switchboard of the electric system of the animal life. So here comes the other hard, hot question,—the dominion of mind over matter. The directing power that occupies the body, is mind. How efficient it is! How oft have the stumbling and faltering forces, the waning powers of the body, been rallied by a summons from the mind! We heard the woodsman tell us the other day of how hunger led the surveyor and his escort almost to the point of surrender. They stumbled and fell in the snow, their strength gave way at every step, but the announcement that the camp was within sight and within reach, and that food was there in plenty, enabled these stupid, stumbling, starving men, to run to the cook's shop. This is only a homely illustration of what is observed on the higher levels of life many and many a time. I recall in my own hospital experience, how, when a comrade and I had lain together several weeks side by side, battling with the same malign and menacing camp fever, the battle seemed to be rather in his favor,—he was the more husky, the better prepared, the elder and stronger. There came the time when the surgeon must pass judgment as to who might join the Company at the front and who must leave the field hospital for the general hospital in the rear. By a turn of the surgeon's judgment, he yielded to my plea to be sent to the front, but refused my comrade's plea. He must go to a Northern hospital. The train that was to take me to the front was delayed twenty-four hours, and I was able to return to the hospital, for another word with "Ed." I found him in the Dead House, already in the coffin, and the nurse said, "the moment you left he realized that more hospital experience was before him, he wept, gave up, and before morning was dead." I believe in the power of mind over matter. I believe in mental potency. All my hopefulness and faith recognizes the power of mind over matter, but I am also forced to believe that one power of mind over matter is the physician's efficiency; thought in him rises into action as the result of experience and science, he can, within limits, remove the causes and ameliorate the conditions that interrupt the normal workings of the body, which disturb the balance of nature.

"Science?" Yes, indeed, science evermore! But a "Christian" science that speaks slightingly of the achievements of science, that distrusts the revealments of stethoscope and thermometer, that refuses to recognize the power of mind in correcting damages done the body, whether the body be one's own or another's, —seems to be neither scientific nor "Christian." He who would deny, or refuse to profit by, the costly experience of the innumerable generations of life, human and sub-human, is an inadequate representative of faith in mind and in the power of the spirit, as it seems to me.

A friend would have me speak of the good works of "Christian Science" as I do of those of the Roman Catholic Church. If I know myself, I glory in a teaching that appeals to the central sources of life, that stimulates and encourages energy and hopefulness, but not in the position, which in the interest of mind and in defense of spirit, ignores the sanctities of matter and the truths of evolution, that would set them aside in the name of some kind of "Christian" healing. The Christ himself, as I understand him, is the highest blossom on the tree of life, the roots of which reach down and down to the beginning of that tree. The Catholic Church I glory in, is the church of Savonarola and St. Francis, and not of Lorenzi de Medici or of Torquemada. The Christian science I believe in, is that of Paul and Ralph Waldo Emerson, rather than that of Mary Baker Eddy and others, who seem to think that they have discovered a new force by eliminating or denying the old relations and the struggle of life, matter environed; life cradled in weakness, beset with imperfections, and confronted by mighty obstacles within and without, to be overcome, not to be denied; to be utilized, not ignored.

I would use these sermons on the Upward Road of the Journey of Life in such a manner as to make us feel its sanctity all the way up and down.

Life *is* on the road. Is triumph then sure for the brain? No, because there come in other qualifications and other forces, the traces of which we find way down *here,* the bloom of which we find way up *there,* where we have not yet reached. In the next sermon I will trace the growth of life "From Tyranny to Democracy." We will reach another round in the ladder, and that in turn is to be followed by the growth from Hate to Love, and from Fetishism to Theism. Today, I rest my case by simply saying that we have come to the point where we can affirm confidently, with Prof. Shailer, that man, the highest of animals, is by the law of the survival of the fittest, by a certain divine selection, placed at the head of the column, and it is in his hands to say what the tides of life shall be, animal and vegetable, so that they *all* shall march in the procession and contribute to the final consummation, whatever it may be. What that will be, we do not know, and I will not pretend to speak of what I know not. But this march of life is benign. Each living thing has been given its mead of joy, its little drop of bliss, its little measure of ecstasy. And each has received all this by the decree of that power that rolled the planets into their places and guides them in their wanderings. Each living thing must then lay down its little life that still nobler lives may be founded on it. Even as Florida with its orchards of oranges and grapefruit, its flowers and beauteous birds, rests safely and securely on the coral reefs builded by little animals who in their day and generation, sang their little song of praise, unconscious that it was given them to lay the foundation of something nobler and something higher and something sweeter than they could understand.

I have told you how the lion ant prepares his trap to catch, and builds his cellar to store, his victims. That is the working of brain, low down. But think at the other end of what we have already achieved, of the man who for fifty years, conscientiously works in his observatory perfecting his instruments, revising his calculations, making his charts and tables, so that when the auspicious moment arrives he can go half way round the globe, set up his instruments in an island of the South Pacific seas, and surrounded by his assistants wait in solemn awe for the great moment which has not occurred before for a hundred and thirteen years. What is to happen? Why, at that moment, and he knows it because he is in the confidence of the universe, Venus is to cross the disc of the sun.

And for a few minutes he may triangulate the heavens and reach a conclusion, he knows not what,—one more thought may be added in the development of the many conceptions of the universe.

How far removed is this experience of the scientist from the delicate contrivances of the spider with its mystic geometric web. But all the way from the web of the spider to the astronomer's observatory where he watched Venus, and she, true to her engagement made when first "the morning stars sang together for joy," kept the tryst, is a continuous open road. O blessed world! Divine is the road that crushes the cruel, utilizes the weak and resents the indignity of any one that offers an affront to the sanctities of matter,—if that is what we call that which runs alongside of the sanctities of soul, the verities of spirit.

Thou eternal mind! help us to use our mental powers. O thou eternal Love! help us to convert our powers into loving instruments of fellowship, helpfulness and progress. Amen.

Congress of Religion for 1915

Now that the buildings are being constructed for the Panama-Pacific Exposition and representatives have been sent to different countries to secure exhibits, it is time to consider the wisdom of calling another parliament of religions that will be the abiding glory of the Exposition of 1915, as the World's Parliament of Religions was the glory of the Columbian Exposition.

It is of great educational value to illustrate now and then the material progress of mankind by exhibiting silver from the mines of Mexico, gold from Alaska, diamonds from South Africa, the silks of Japan, the ivory of China, the art treasures of France, and the varied manufactured goods of America, England and Germany.

Another parliament of religions is not only a vital need of our age, but a necessity for the complete success of the exposition. Side by side should be expressed the material achievements and the ideal strivings of the human race. An international exposition without a congress of religions would lack that which has been the greatest influence in the progress of the race. The World's Parliament of Religions held in 1893 marked the coming of a new era in religion. It was the first time that representatives of all the great religions gathered together in order to express their convictions and also to seek for the truths that are common to the religions of mankind. The ideals of the different religions were clearly expressed, their history recounted and their influence on the fine arts and for human betterment was enumerated. A congress of religions should be held where the representatives of the different religions and cults, on a free platform, may frankly express their beliefs and be given a respectful hearing. It should stand for absolute sincerity, strong individual convictions, and scientific comparisons. Its purposes should be to eliminate racial prejudices, sectarian hatreds, current superstitions, and inspire men with a love for the truth and mankind. Such a congress will also further the cause of international peace and will make possible unity of action in the effort to suppress the international vices of white slavery and the opium trade.

In connection with such a congress of religions should be a museum with models of the great temples and cathedrals, idols and objects used in ceremonial worship, as well as a collection of the sacred scriptures of mankind. The objects should be arranged to illustrate the different stages in the development of religion. The geographical distribution of the religions at different periods in history could be shown by maps and charts. A museum is as necessary for the study of the history of religion as a laboratory for the study of chemistry, physics or biology.

Such a congress will not decrease religious zeal, nor glorify the spirit of compromise, nor seek to establish a new religion. It will not affirm that one religion is as good as another. It will emphasize the universality of man's religious needs and that in all the great religions of the past are elements of great worth.

Only religions and denominations that are conscious of their weakness, or are dominated by the spirit of bigotry, will refuse to frankly state their beliefs. The truth in any religion has nothing to fear from comparison with the teachings of other religions. Great encouragement comes to the cause of religion through the discovery that religion is an expression of human need.

A congress of religion will be of value to emphasize the fact that the drift today is toward religion, to inspire men to interpret human life in idealistic terms, and to further the universal brotherhood of man.

Rev. Clarence Reed.

From the December Pacific Unitarian.

International Peace

(Plank submitted by Charles E. Beals to the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, for insertion in its platform, and adopted by the Council, at the morning session, Monday, December 9, 1912.)

The Council favors the organization of a Church Peace League in America, the annual observance of Peace Sunday by the churches, and the memorializing of the Third Hague Conference in behalf of the establishment of a permanent court of international justice and the adoption of such other measures as shall render war unnecessary and impossible. It calls upon Christian men and women to unite in a demand that the teaching and spirit of Jesus be applied in international relations by our national Congress and Department of State.

AUTUMN IN THE ISLANDS.

After the wind in the wood,
Peace and the night;
After the bond and the brood,
Flight.
After the height and the hush
Where the wild hawk swings,
Heart of the earth-loving thrush
Shaken with wings.
After the bloom and the leaf,
Rain on the nest;
After the splendor and grief,
Rest.
After the hills, and the far
Glories and gleams,
Cloud, and the dawn of a star,
And dreams.

—M. L. C. Pickthall.

In Atlantic Monthly.

Some Beatitudes

The books, Matthew and Luke, each contain a recension of a supposed lost document, "The Sayings of Jesus." In their present form the two excerpts are fragmentary and differ in certain particulars. This difference is strikingly apparent in their rendering of those sayings known as the Beatitudes.

Luke's Jesus is a humanitarian and a revolutionist. He says, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven." I can not think that he means that poverty in itself is a virtue. He is rather moved by the old Semitic sense of justice, feeling that the poor have been exploited and borne the drudgery of life unpaid, while the rich have feasted and lounged, indifferent to their brothers' misery, and now he believes the tables are to be turned, justice is to be established by Jehovah and the poor will be made heirs of the good things of the future, just to even up. This is a very common notion in the Bible. But there is more here than that. Here is also a recognition of the creative will operative in the commonplace life of the race. He seems to feel that this will to live, from which the Kingdom is to be manifest, is more operative among struggling mankind groping its way forward, turning its burdens into great enthusiasms, than among the few rich and powerful and superficially cultivated, who are struggling to retain their supremacy and so have their eyes always on the past and not the future.

Matthew, or whoever wrote the book known by that name, was not a humanitarian, but an ascetic. He is interested in the supernatural, he has little social enthusiasm; with him religion is becoming a system of doctrine. So he has made this same saying of Jesus read, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Thus he has emasculated it. Who are "the poor in spirit"? I suppose he means, the penetent, the humble, the timid, those babes whose supernatural wisdom confounds the wise; those "miserable sinners," who having no righteousness of their own, have thrown themselves upon the mercy of God rather than their own wills for salvation. So Christianity has often been inclined to hold. It has always been suspicious of the strong, the bold, the self sufficient, the free, the creative ones. It has "made the gospel an ambulance to follow in the rear and pick up the wounded and fallen, rather than the pillar of fire to lead humanity through the progress of the ages." It has put a premium on ignorance and passivity. It has honored the returning prodigal more than the faithful son. True there are pharisaical, self satisfied, generally very conventional people, in every community, sometimes churchmembers, sometimes not, who are worse than the prodigal. Their personalities are more shriveled and barren, their very conformity is the result of sterility, their respectability dead philistianism, their very assumption of superiority but the cloak that hides their emptiness and spiritual bankruptcy.

I do not believe that the poor in spirit can enter the kingdom. Do not beg for divine mercy; that were asking for a victory without a battle. It is cheating oneself out of reality. It is to make heaven a pretense and an imitation. The spiritually poor are so, because they have no reality and so no daring in them. The measure of a man is how much he can will. In vain do the unfit seek to cover their ignorance with professions of piety; their fear of truth with confessions of faith; their moral cowardice with penitence; their clutching greed with appearances of respectability. They are afraid of life, unable to face the fact of themselves, ashamed of this universe.

Spiritual poverty is like all poverty, it is a curse. It means death, it is not beautiful. We must free ourselves from it by effort alone. That effort must be both individual and collective. We must struggle each and all to prevent our lives becoming cheap through our association together. Why not say blessed are the rich in spirit? Of course, I do not mean blessed are they who ape the rich, but blessed are the strong, the wise, the efficient, the unabashed, the red blooded, the life loving, the daring. I should for my own use like to add also these "Beatitudes".

Blessed are the fearless, for they shall be free.

Blessed are they who can stand alone, for they are the strong ones.

Blessed are the unashamed, for they can look upon God.

Blessed are they who can stand this Universe, for they are the masters of their destiny.

Blessed are the hard hearted, for they shall not seek consolation in lies.

Blessed are the disillusioned, for they shall laugh.

Blessed are the full, for they can afford to be magnanimous.

Blessed are the creators of value, for with them it shall always be morning.

Blessed are they who having faith believe in themselves, for they are the fit to live.

Blessed are they who having seen the issues of their own times can will the coming of a greater Humanity, for theirs is tomorrow.

Des Moines, Iowa. EVERETT D. MARTIN.

Belief and Life

I do not plead that truth is indifferent, for I know it is not, but I aver that if one believes in the dogmas of the old faith, like G. K. Chesterton, or if one does not believe in the dogmas of the old faith like Jenkin Lloyd Jones; if one believes in Immortality like Maurice Maeterlinck, or if one does not believe in Immortality like George Meredith; if one believes in God like Kipling or one does not believe in God like Bernard Shaw; if one believes that his existence serves some noble if unknown purpose like George Batchelor, or if one believes his existence serves no more purpose than the tiny flower which blossoms for a transient hour like Nietzsche—it would not be so much matter if one's ideals, or aspirations, or religion should continue.

If one should keep the flower of kindness in his heart, and his hand of helpfulness always open; if he cherished the sense of justice in his soul and ever remembered when he bought human labor he bought something eminently precious; if he vowed he would never cause a cloud to cross the star of woman's fair fame, or a shadow to fall upon her heart; if he treated all children, not of his own home, with whom he came into relation, with justice and tenderness—if he kept these ideals, I am sure his life would open more and more beautifully like a rose of dawn, and even when he came to the last *dim* days he would feel he had come very near the *essence* of existence.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

What Shall We Say?—III.

WHAT SHIP GOES FIRST?—What shall we say as to the first ship to pass through the Panama Canal? Let is be an American ship, bound on foreign commerce. If possible, let it be a merchant ship on its peaceful way to one of our sister republics.

The date of the opening of the Panama Canal is approaching. A certain symbolism of the thoughts and purposes of the people of the United States will be associated with the character of the first vessel which shall pass through the Panama Canal. May this symbolism be one of international peace and good will, and of that alone. The main function of the Panama Canal is one of peace. It is to link nations more closely by bonds of travel and of commerce. To symbolize this purpose should be chosen a vessel engaged in the activities of peace, one sailing under the flag of the republic, bound to or from the shores of this nation; one which shall bear the friendliness of the United States of America to the nations of the world, wherever its course may tend.

These purposes of the United States could not be fitly symbolized by a ship of war, however great her excellence and however perfect her equipment. The existence of such vessels may be a necessity in an age in which international war is still legalized as a means of settling international differences. But the people of the republic wish not to glorify this necessity. They wish that war may be made the last, and not the first, resort when international problems arise. At the best the warship harks backward to the history of the past; while the ship of travel and commerce points forward to our nation's ideals of the future.

This great democracy will find its future greatness not in conquest, not even in self-defense against would-be conquerors, but in friendly co-operation, the brotherhood of men and nations, the ennobling of the individual man, and in increasing recognition of the worth of human life.

THE OPEN DOOR AT PANAMA.—What shall we say to the suggestion that tolls be free on the Panama Canal for a certain period of years to the ships of all the world?

Why not? The cost would not be burdensome. We have already given away a large part of our expected receipts. We have done this in spite of our treaty agreement that we should do nothing of the kind.

In giving free passage to our coastwise ships, why not make it free to all the world? It would be a most gracious act, an act most characteristic of a great nation which values generous action above money. It would show that our occupation of the Canal Zone had in part at least the altruistic desire to help the commerce of the world. It would tend to justify this occupation. It would "save our face," and save us from facing the Hague Tribunal to answer for the violation of a treaty. It would save us from our folly of a special and needless subsidy to vessels engaged in our coastwise trade. It would relieve us from the worry of the ruthless militants who would make the canal zone invulnerable on land and unapproachable by sea. It would save us the monstrous cost of the fortifications they have already coaxed us or scared us to begin. It would cost us something, to be sure, this world-embracing generosity. Let it be so,—we can afford it. We have already paid more money for less worthy purposes. It would restore our self-respect and the respect of other nations. We are losing both under the statutes as they stand. Why not declare the open door at Panama and keep it open at our own expense for half-a-dozen years? Experience may bring wisdom; we can act better later. Besides, in the fine words of Mr. Roosevelt, "It always pays for a nation to be a gentleman!"

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Why He Combats Alcohol

Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea? Because when I go down for watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light when there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve and the steady hand of the helmsman, there is not standing there in place of the man, the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create—even out of such gifted men as Burns and Coleridge and hosts of others.

I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain had been taking a "little alcohol." I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow and that her children were fatherless because her husband, gentle and loving and clean-living, had been tempted to take "a drop of alcohol" at sea, and had fallen over the side, drunk, and gone out into a drunkard's eternity. I have had to clothe children and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prisons the victims of crime, caused as directly in honest men by alcohol as a burn is caused by falling into the fire.

Why do I not want alcohol as a beverage in a country where cold is extreme, exposure is constant, and physical conditions are full of hardship? Simply because I have seen men go down in the struggle for want of that natural strength which alcohol alone had robbed them of. The fishermen that I live among are my friends, and I love them as my brothers, and I do not think I am unnecessarily prejudiced or bigoted when I say that alcohol is inadvisable, after one has seen it robbing his best friends of strength, honor, reason, kindliness, love, money and even life.

During twenty years' experience on the sea and on the snow in winter—an experience coming after an upbringing in soft places—I have found that alcohol has been entirely unnecessary.

I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action and which we can control absolutely with greater accuracy in cases of necessity for stimulating the heart. I contend we can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for itself. It is not necessary for happiness, for I have known no set of men happier and enjoying their lives more than the crews of my own vessel, and the many, many fishermen who, like ourselves, neither touch, taste nor handle it.

Banner of Good. *Wilfred T. Grenfell, M. D.*

Correspondence

THE APPEAL TO THE SWORD

My dear Editor:—

I read UNITY every week with a great deal of interest and I admire the sturdy stand that you take for peace among the nations. I can not understand how any man with the love of his fellow men in his heart can look upon war with pleasure. As little can I understand how any man who has ever seen war and marked, not only its horrors on the battle field, but the even greater moral horrors that follow it, can fail to be an advocate of peace. And yet it seems to me that in our extreme advocacy of peace there are some facts that we are in danger of overlooking. For example, it seems to me that some of us, in our horror over the present or recent war in Europe, have forgotten the cause that led to that war. Of course we can go back and lay the blame upon the cowardly Powers that have upheld Turkish misrule, but so far as the problem was up to the Balkan states I fail to see how in honor and decency they could have done less or other than they have done. I fail to see how any other road was open to them, that there was any other way in which they could have stopped the infamy of Turkish misrule. Must we not recognize it as true that, so long as injustice and cruelty govern the action of some men and some nations, times must come when the victims of injustice, or those whose hearts are stirred by injustice inflicted upon others, must appeal to the sword?

I have not a word to say in behalf of war for mere, so called, national honor or for commercial advantage. Such wars are always crimes, but there have been wars like this late war, in my judgment, that had a different basis; and there have been times, I think, when there should have been war instead of peace. I believe that, for example, it was the duty of England long ago to have ended Turkish rule at the cost of war if necessary. I believe that the United States should have terminated Spanish rule in Cuba long before it did and for a much more valid reason than that which finally sent us to war with that country. It seems to me that the whole matter of war should be governed very much as personal violence is governed. I can not fancy you, Mr. Editor, fighting to avenge an insult. I can hardly fancy you fighting to protect your pocket book, but I believe you would fight like the Arch-Angel Michael to protect a little boy or girl from a ruffian.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM P. FERGUSON.

Editor The Venango Printing Company, Franklin, Pa.

The analogy suggested by our correspondent, when pushed to the limit, sustains our contention that national wrongs cannot be atoned for by the murders of war, where the innocent are the victims. National insults cannot be wiped out by the guage of battle. If war was waged to protect little boys and girls from ruffians it might be justifiable. In such cases the army becomes but a police force to enforce law and to maintain civilization, but the costly armies of the world, with their formidable armaments, are always too late in appearing in defense of the helpless and the injured. The reasoning of our correspondent might call for an international police to enforce the demands of international law, one use of such would be to compel pugilistic nations, as pugilistic individuals, to submit their causes to the arbitrament of law. National disputes, like individual disputes, should be settled according to law, not according to brute force.—EDITOR.

A RHYME OF ONE

You sleep upon your mother's breast,
Your race begun,
A welcome, long a wish'd-for guest,
Whose age is One.

A baby-boy, you wonder why
You cannot run;
You try to talk—how hard you try!—
You're only One.

Ere long you won't be such a dunce;
You'll eat your bun,
Any fly your kite, like folk who once
Were only One.

You'll rhyme, and woo, and fight, and joke,
Perhaps you'll pun;
Such feats are never done by folk
Before they're One.

Some day, too, you may have your joy,
And envy none;
Yes, you, yourself may own a boy
Who isn't One.

He'll dance, and laugh, and crow, he'll do
As you have done:
(You crown a happy home, tho' you
Are only One.)

But when he's grown shall you be here
To share his fun,
And talk of days when he (the dear!)
Was hardly One?

Dear child, 'tis your poor lot to be
My little son;
I'm glad, though, I am old, you see,—
While you are One.

—*Frederick Locker.*

In the autumn of 1830 a traveling book peddler, who afterward became a successful publisher and the head of a firm whose name is well known in the United States today, came to the door of a log cabin on a farm in Eastern Illinois, and asked for the courtesy of a night's lodging. There was no inn near. The good wife was hospitable but perplexed, "For," she said, " we can feed your beast, but we can't lodge you, unless you are willing to sleep with the hired man."

"Let's have a look at him first," said the peddler.

The woman pointed to the side of the house, where a lank, six-foot man, in ragged but clean clothes, was stretched on the grass, reading a book.

"He'll do," said the stranger. "A man who reads a book as hard as that fellow seems to, has got too much else to think of besides my watch or my small change."

The hired man was Abraham Lincoln; and when he was president, the two men met in Washington and laughed together over the story of their earlier rencontre.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

When Jesus said in substance that whosoever did the will of his Father in heaven, the same was his mother and his brother, he simply lifted love out of its narrower domestic relations into its wider social possibilities. He lifted it from a lower to a higher level, and enlarged the boundary of its operation. He clearly recognized that to confine love to the home when it should also concern itself with the greater affairs of the world was to annul its influence everywhere. He taught that the welfare of the individual and of society are identical.—*Rev. F. C. Aldinger.*

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SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR.....MRS. WILLIAM KENT

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

PSYCHOLOGY IN INDIANA REFORMATORY

There will be special interest to learn that the Indiana Reformatory has started to reach the roots of criminality by means of psychology. Ten or a dozen years ago one of the two penitentiaries in this progressive state, that at Jeffersonville, was converted into a modern reformatory. First offenders and the younger convicts have been committed to the Reformatory for indeterminate periods. The habitual lawbreakers and those found guilty of major offenses have been sent to the penitentiary at Michigan City, which remains a strictly penal institution. The Reformatory, through its schools and training in handicrafts, has sent out young men with adequate equipment for useful citizenship. A surprisingly large per cent of its "graduates" are making good. Its follow-up system affords moral support until these men have become confirmed in the right ways of society. Now, at this Reformatory, is being established a department of psychology, having at its head an expert psychologist and at its service a completely organized psychological laboratory. The head of this new department, who bears the official relation to the institution of assistant superintendent, is Prof. Rufus Bernard von Klein-Smid. He comes from De Pauw University, where for six years he has been at the head of the department of education and psychology. Following special training in leading American and German universities, he has been successful in the principalship and superintendency of important schools in the Middle West.

It is proposed that each man committed to the Reformatory shall be the subject of special study. A large per cent at least of those who find their way into penal institutions are as deficient and peculiar in their mental as they are in their moral development. It is the province of the psychologist in the employment of laboratory methods to investigate and define the abnormality. Thus a basis of fact is provided for the application of those remedies which modern penal and educational science prescribes for such cases. In other words, the psychologist is charged with finding out what is the matter with the man who bears the label "criminal." It then becomes the business of the administration of the Reformatory to so organize and adapt its discipline as to effect his making-over process.—*The Christian World.*

NEGRO BUSINESS ENTERPRISE

In Mound Bayou, Mississippi, the famous Negro town, there has just been completed a $100,000 cottonseed oil mill, said by experts to be the finest in the State. The opening of this mill on December 6 was a great event, as a dispatch to the Chicago *Inter Ocean* relates. To the ceremonies 10,000 visitors, white and black, came from as far south as New Orleans and as far north as Nashville. Booker Washington made the address for the Negroes; C. P. J. Mooney, editor of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal,* spoke for the white people; and together the great crowd sang plantation and religious songs. Entirely a Negro project, planned, financed and erected by Negroes, the mill was suitably located in Mound Bayou—a place about which all Americans should know. Founded by a Negro, Isaiah T. Montgomery—now an old man and once a slave of Jefferson Davis—this town of 700 inhabitants down in the Mississippi "swamps," where are thousands of Negro farmers, "is owned acre for acre by colored people and controlled in every branch by colored men."—*The Public.*

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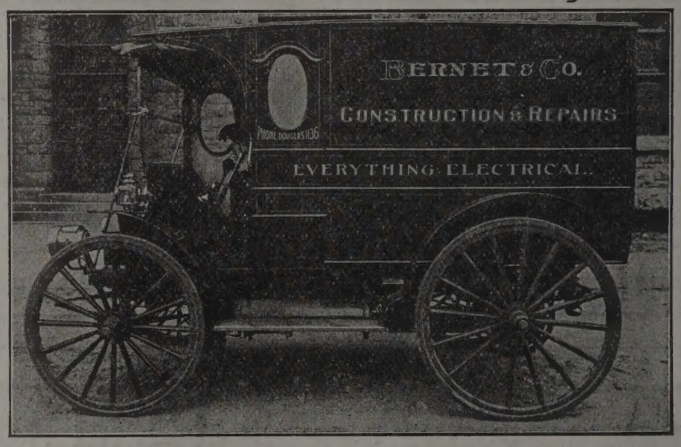

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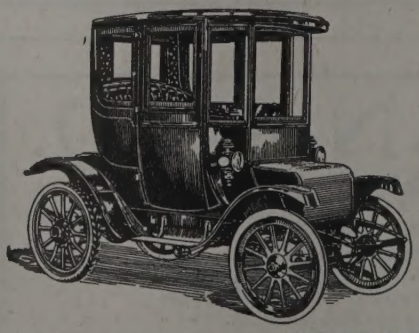

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